

The history

(Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth)
Your *quand m* wife sweares still by *Venus* gloue,
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now sir, shee's a deadly theame.

Hect. O pardon, I offend.

Nest. I haue thou gallant Troyan scene thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,
Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I haue scene thee
As hot as *Persus*, spurte thy Phrigian steed,
Despising many forsaits and subduments,
When thou hast hung th' aduanced sword ith' ayre,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I haue said to some my standers by,
Loe *Iupiter* is yonder dealing life.
And I haue scene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue shrupd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrastling. This haue I scene,
But this thy countenance still locke in Steele,
I neuer saw till now: I knew thy grand-fire,
And once fought with him, he was a soldier good,
But by great *Mars* the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,
And worthy warriour welcome to our tents.

Ane. Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walke hand in hand with time,
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am g'ad to claspe thee.

Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard Ide fight with thee to morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome, I haue scene the time.

Vlis. I wonder now how yonder Citty stands,
When we haue here her base and pillar by vs?

Hect. I know your fauour lord *Vlisses* well,
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe and *Diomed*,
In Illion on your Greekish enbassie.

Vlis. Sir I foretold you then what would ensue,

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

My propheticie is but halfe his iourney yet,
For yonder walls that pertly front your towne,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feete.

Hect. I must not beleue you.

There they stand yet, and modestly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrigian stone will cost,
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common arbitrator Time, will one day end it.

Vlis. So to him we leaue it.

Most gentle and most valiant *Hector*, welcome:
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee lord *Vlisses* thou:

Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee, (by ioint)
I haue with exact view perused thee *Hector*, & quoted ioynt.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*? *Achil.* I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand faire I pray thee, let me looke on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay I haue done already.

Achil. Thou art too brieft, I will the second time,
As I would bue thee, view thee lim by lim,

Hect. O like a booke of sport thou'lt read me ore:
But ther's more in me then thou vnderstandst,
Why doost thou so oppresse me with thine eye.

Achil. Tell me you heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him: whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hectors great spirit flew: answer me heauens.

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand againe,
Thinkst thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead.

Achil. I tell thee yea.

Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me so,
Ide not beleue thee. Hence-forth gard thee well,

For